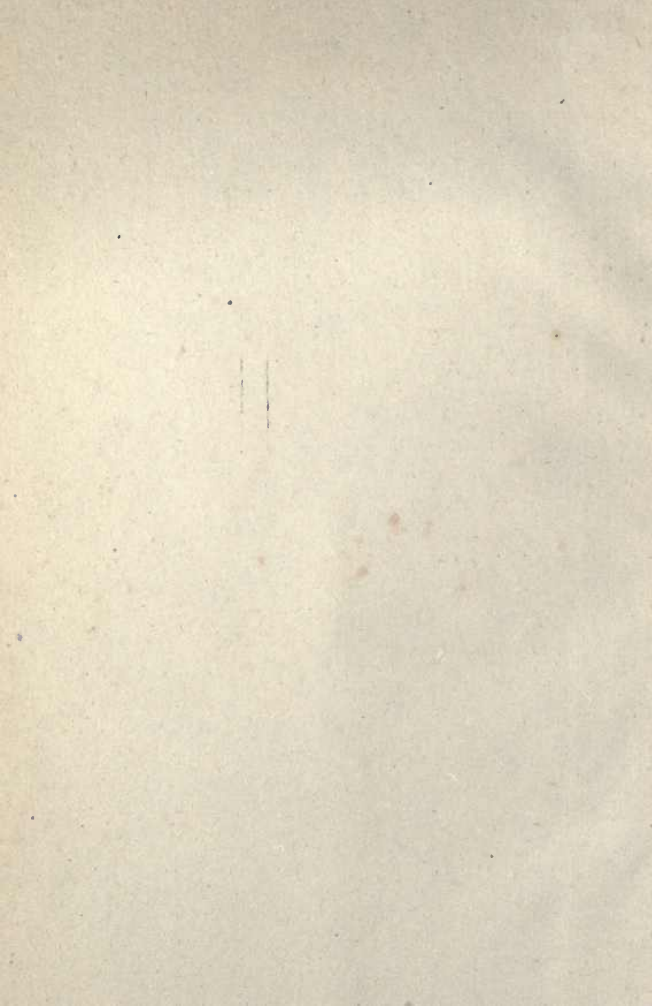


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BY
R. S. NAYLOR.











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Affection's Tribute.

ORIGINAL POEMS,

BY

R. S. NAYLOR.

OSKALOOSA, IOWA,
CENTRAL BOOK CONCERN
1874.

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TO
MY PARENTS

AND

MY FRIENDS

I dedicate this little volume

AS A TRIBUTE OF

Affection and Respect.

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TO OHIO.

I HAVE left thee, dear Ohio,
But my memory fondly clings
To thy rocks, so high and towering,
To thy ever-gushing springs;
To thy meadows and thy valleys,
Where thy crystal waters shine,
To the old hills where the gray rock
Flashes through the waving pine.

In the morning of my childhood

I have often loved to rove,

When the orb of day was glittering

From the calm, blue sky above,

To thy forests, where thy songsters

Sweetly sang their songs of glee.

All these ties, beloved Ohio,

Bound my youthful heart to thee.

And as I've sat there musing,

In the shelter of the wood,

On the deeds of those of other days,—

The great, the wise, the good,—

I, in fancy, stood beside the place

Where the council fire once shone

On the rude home of the red man,

In the days that now have flown.

And ofttimes by thy waters,

When the autumn's gentle breeze

Fanned quietly above my head
The tall, umbrageous trees,
I've mused, when no sound broke my spell
But the waves upon thy shore,
And the cadence of those billows
Only made me love thee more.

And when evening's constellations
Glittered on thy waters clear,
Warning me that I must leave the place
So fondly loved, so dear,
I wandered home, when the clamorous
voice
Of the day was hushed and still;
No sound broke on my evening thoughts
But the song of the whippoorwill.

Oh! thou blest land of my childhood!
Fresh to-day my memory brings

Recollections of thy wild woods,
And thy clear and crystal springs ;
Still my heart clings to thy forests,
With their brown, majestic trees.
Oh ! beloved land of my childhood,
I do love thee more for these.

Though I love the western prairies,
And the ties are strong that bind
My heart to those who have been to me
So faithful, true, and kind ;
Yet my heart grows tired of noise and strife,
And often in my dreams
I go back to the days of my early life,
When I sat by thy quiet streams.

*LINES PRESENTED TO MY HUSBAND
WITH A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.*

THE springtime of youth is fast gliding away,
And the noon of our lives very soon will
come on.

I look back through the vista of time to the
days
That have vanished since our paths in life
have been one ;

Since the day that we started together to share
Life's conflicts and conquests, its joys and its
tears ;

And although we have tasted our portion of care,
Yet, withal, we must say, they have been
happy years.

And I praise the kind Giver who dwelleth
above,

That in His great goodness He ever bestowed
Such a being to cherish, such a warm heart to
love,

Such a hand to assist me o'er life's rugged road.

And the tears trickle down as I think of the
time

We no longer shall carry life's burdens to-
gether,

When the grim monster Death shall pierce my
heart or thine,

When the chain that now binds us his sickle
shall sever.

How lonely the journey will be to the one

Left alone to contend with earth's sorrow and
grief;

And naught but the thought that it cannot be
long
Could afford the sad heart any balm of relief.

Then, dear one, let us live so that when we shall
part,

We may feel the assurance of meeting above
In that blissful forever where, heart joined to
heart,

We may dwell evermore with the ones that
we love.

And oh ! let us strive, while together we stay,
To act toward each other so affectionate and
kind

That when one from the other is taken away
No cloud of remorse can o'ershadow the mind.

May the sad, lonely heart be consoled with the
thought,

When the form it most loved has been laid
out of sight,

That the vows made in youth it has never forgot,
But has done what it could to make life's
pathway bright.

*I THANK THEE, KIND SAVIOUR, FOR
TEARS.*

WHEN my heart is o'erburdened with sorrow and care,

And my mind overpowered by grief,

And my woe-stricken spirit is seeking to find

The all-healing balm of relief;

When my tempest-tossed bark finds no haven
of rest

For its burdensome cargo of fears,

As it sails life's rough ocean, forlorn and distressed,

I thank thee, kind Saviour, for tears.

26 I THANK THEE, SAVIOUR, FOR TEARS.

When sober reflection can bring me no joy
From the grave of the long-buried past,
And the future's dark vista seems paved with
sharp thorns,
And by tempest clouds thickly o'ercast;
When the star that once gilded my path o'er
life's way
In the heavens no longer appears,
And the light-house of hope seems to die from
my view,
I thank thee, kind Saviour, for tears.

When the friends who once met me, when fortune was kind,
At the altar of friendship to bow,
And brought wreaths of affection my heart to
entwine,
Have forgotten to meet me there now;
When ^{*}misfortune's chill breezes have taken the
voice

Of affection that greeted my ears,
And the steel words of harshness pierce wounds
 in my breast,
I thank thee, kind Saviour, for tears.

I thank thee, wise Parent, that thou didst fore-
 know

That afflictions would meet us while here,
Which would sink the weak heart in the ocean
 of woe

If 'twere not for the solace of tears.
And, although for a few fleeting days I am
 placed

In a world full of sorrows and fears,
Thou hast given this means to relieve my sad
 heart ;

O, I thank thee, I thank thee for tears.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

I'M lonely, and I feel to-night,
Borne down by melancholy's hand ;
I wander far from childhood's home,
A stranger in a strange, strange land.

Oh ! gentle moon, look from thy throne,
And tell, oh ! tell me, dost thou see
One friend amidst the throng at home
Who thinks and drops a tear for me ?

Oh ! tell me from thy throne above,
Thou bright and beauteous orb of light,
Does a father's or a mother's love
Yearn for their child to-night ?

Oh ! does a brother long to see
The playmate of his early years ?

Oh ! does a sister think of me,
And shed in silence bitter tears

For the one who led her infant hand
And joined her in her childish fun ?

Does she think of me in a stranger land ?
Oh ! does she think of the absent one ?

DREAMS OF HOME.

DEAR mother, I've been to the land of
dreams,

That strange, strange world of mysterious
gleams,

Where the withered flowers of days gone by
Perfume the dear chambers of imagery.

I saw thee there in that spirit land,
As joyful I stood midst the well known band
Of familiar faces, that brightly shone
With joy as you welcomed your absent home.

You all were there, and your voices clear
Fell like notes of music upon my ear ;
And a world of affection pure and deep
Seemed given me in that land of sleep.

Your faces shone with the fire's bright blaze,
As we sat by the hearth of my early days.
A brother's eye sparkled with strange delight,
As he said, I'm so glad you have come to-night.

But the morn has come, and my dream is gone ;
I awake with a heart more sad and lone.
Oh ! strange, mysterious land of sleep !
Thou hast vanished and left me to pine and
weep.

O Morpheus, come at the daylight's close ;
Bring the eyelids sleep and the mind repose ;
But never again bring the land of dreams
To remind me of home and its clear, blue
streams

For bitter tears from the heart's core come
When I wake to remembrance, at morning's
dawn,
And find it's a dream that has vanished by
And left my visions of home to die.

*LINES WRITTEN ON THE BLANK
LEAF OF A BIBLE PRESENTED
TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER
ONE YEAR OLD.*

MY darling May, bestowed by Heaven
To light life's dark, bewildered road ;
Thou gem of love, so kindly given
To lead my wandering soul to God ;
To thee I dedicate this gift
That points the only glorious way
That leads to life and perfect peace,
And everlasting day.

I give it with a heartfelt prayer,—

A mother's prayer, devout, sincere,—

That thou mayest learn the many truths

That God has wisely planted here.

My infant, thou dost little know

The joy, the fear, the hope, the dread

That thrills thy mother when she feels

That thou hast youth's wild paths to tread.

To tread, if God shouldst will that thou

Shouldst come upon the busy stage

Of human life to act the part

Of youth, of girlhood, and of age.

How that may be I cannot know ;

Perhaps e're morning's light shall come

Thy soul may soar to spirit worlds.

God's will be done—forever done.

But should He spare thee yet to read
The volume which thy mother gave,
When the frail form that first thou knew
Lies moldering in the silent grave,
I charge thee by the silken cord
Of love that binds my soul to thee
To give thy heart unto the Lord,
And live but for eternity.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

○ HOW pleasant to me is the still hour of
evening,
When the shadows of twilight come stealingly
on,
And the soft, gentle breeze fans the warm brow
of heaven,
When the great king of daylight has vanished
and gone ;
When nature's loud voices are hushed into quiet,
And the husbandman's labor is brought to a
close ;
When this great active world's busy tumult and
riot
Into stillness is hushed by the hand of repose.

As I sit by my fireside, the lamp brightly burn-
ing,

My thoughts wander back o'er the work of
to-day

That has passed to that bourne whence no trav-
eler's returning

Has ever illumined our wandering way.

Oh! thou day just departed on time's fleeting
pinions!

What news hast thou borne to that fathomless
sea

Of my sins of omission, my deeds of transgres-
sion?

Oh! what is the message thou bearest of me?

Hast thou borne on thy pinions the wailing of
sadness?

The groans of the suffering my hand might
have stilled?

Or were thy wings laden with sweet songs of
gladness

From mouths of the hungry I caused to be
filled ?

Oh ! thou great book of fate, thou record of
ages !

What hast thou to tell of my actions to-day ?
What black marks of sin are inscribed on thy
pages

To be read in the finis with fear and dismay ?

When my fancy peruses that great book of
actions

From the story there written I fain would
depart ;

For methinks that that dreaded herculean
volume

Is filled with the numberless sins of my heart.

And so seldom are scattered my few deeds of
goodness;

Along through the story of my useless past,
That my heart seems to shrink from that sure,
truthful record,

And by sad, dark forebodings my soul is o'er-
cast.

O, thou great king of day! when again thou
hast risen

To waken a slumbering world out of sleep,
May I start in the straight, narrow pathway of
duty

And all God's commandments so faithfully
keep

That when darkness again shall preside o'er the
billow,

Or night's radiant queen take her watch o'er
the sea,

May I sweetly repose on my soft, thornless
pillow,

And feel that this world is the better for me.

TO MY BROTHER.

DEAR brother, though the critic's lip
May proudly curl and sneer
At the unstudied, uncouth rhyme
That I have written here,

I hope for better things from you
Who know my heart's intent ;
Who know these lines were only penned
For youth's encouragement.

I am your senior, and should by
Experience be more wise.
Then do not deem it rash in me
To drop you this advice.

You'll find youth's path a slippery one,
And, if you're not aware,
You'll slip from virtue's narrow track
Into temptation's snare.

Sometimes you'll find in it a rose,
And oftentimes a thorn
That goads the tender heart with shame,
And leaves it sadly torn.

If you will only pluck the flowers
Of knowledge, love, and truth,
In after years you may look back
Upon a well spent youth.

But if you leave the path of right
To pluck the thorns and flowers
Of idle pleasure, you'll look back
With pain on childhood's hours.

You'll find its roses soon will fade
And leave you naught but thorns
To cull in winter's gloomy age
And probe the heart that mourns.

You'll meet with those who seek to lure
You from truth's path of light ;
But show them works to prove that you
Are standing for the right.

Mingle not with such : you little know
The influence it may have ;
For those who see you oft with rogues
Will mark *you* for a knave.

No ; rather seek for friendship
With the forest, vale, or brook ;
Or at the shrine of solitude,
With some kind, teaching book,

Search deep for wisdom's shining ore
That foes can ne'er destroy,
And keep it bright with earnest toil,
And free from all alloy.

And, as you sail down Time's swift stream,
Strive hard to keep your bark
In duty's path, and leave behind
A bright and shining mark ;

A mark to shine and ever gild
The path you trod on earth ;
A name to live and ne'er disgrace
The land that gave you birth.

SLANDER.

○ MAN! let reason's power tame
That venomous tongue, that fiery lust
That publisheth thy neighbor's shame,
But leaves his good deeds in the dust.

Oh! let his deeds of virtue fly
On immortal wings, and ever live;
But leave his deeds of shame to die
And molder in oblivion's grave.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

'TWAS evening. On the rocky hill
The moon looked down in tender love ;
The ocean wave was hushed and still ;
The sky was blue and calm above.

The stars put forth their gentle light
To cheer their radiant, beauteous queen.
I gazed with rapture and delight
Upon the charming, lovely scene.

Oh! was it wrong that I should pine
For eagle's wings to soar away
Where lights like these forever shine
With steady and undimming ray?

Who would not leave a world of woe,
Where beauty flees with fleeting time,
And to those charming regions go
And like those stars forever shine?

Yet pause, my soul, art thou aware
That mortals stained by guilt and sin
May strive to make an entrance there,
But cannot, cannot enter in?

Art thou not marked by many a crime
That hath not been forgiven?
And wouldst thou enter that fair clime
And mar the peace of Heaven?

Ah, no ; I'd rather stay below,
With creatures weak and frail like me,
Than carry guilt and sin and woe
Where they should never be.

But when my robes have been washed white,
And all my crimes forgiven,
Then I would join the saints in light
And shine on earth from Heaven.

TO A SNOW BIRD.

O COME to my window,
Thou beautiful bird!
Thy sweet little note
Is the only I've heard
Since the summer and autumn
Have vanished and gone.
All the others have left thee
To warble alone.

O come to my window !
The tempest's wild storm
Will certainly shiver
Thy beautiful form.
I'll give thee protection
From snow, sleet, and rain,
And when thou desirest
I'll free thee again.

Dost thou ask, little bird,
Why I love thee the best,
And why thou art dearer
To me than the rest ?
When the others have vanished
With sweet summer's bloom
Thou comest to cheer me
In winter's sad gloom.

I've had friends, little bird,
That would stay very near
To my side until tempests
And storms would appear ;
But when fortune's bright sunshine
Had settled in gloom
Those friends quickly left me
Alone to my doom.

I too have had friends
Who were faithful and true,
Who would stay through life's sunshine
And misfortunes too ;
Who closely would cling
When life's sunshine was warm,
But closest would cling
In its tempest and storm.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

FELLOW-MORTALS, as you journey
Down the ebbing stream of time
To the sacred bar of judgment,
There to answer for each crime,
Let the voice within direct you
Through life's scenes of dark and light ;
Listen to its solemn teachings,—
Do what conscience says is right.

It will teach you, if you'll listen
To its still and quiet voice,
What's the path of right and duty,
Though it may not be your choice.
And in cases where temptation
Lures you from truth's path of light,
Lay aside your will and wishes,—
Do what conscience says is right.

TO MY OLD PLAYMATE.

I'VE been sitting by my window
In the moon's soft, gentle light,
Thinking of the past and friends beloved
Who are far from me to-night.

I've been wondering if thy memory
Is as faithful unto thee
In bringing gone-by scenes to view
As mine has been to me.

Mine has brought the ancient meadow,
Where we often used to go
In winter with our little sleds
To slide upon the snow.

It has brought the little playhouse
That we built upon the rock,
With its carpets and its beds of moss,
And its roof, the hoary oak.

There we spent the hours of summer,
When we were young and fair ;
But for our future years we built
Bright castles in the air.

On the rock upon the hillside
Our playhouse still doth stand,
But the castles that we built for age
Were only built on sand,

And the waves of time came swiftly,
And from off the sandy shore
They washed youth's bright airy castles
From our view forever more.

We have learned that life is real
And of sterner stuff is made
Than our youthful visions pictured
From the future's brilliant shade.

Thou hast given to another friend
Thy hand, thy love, thy life ;
Thou hast tried life's stern realities,—
Thou hast become a wife.

And I would not have thee falter
In thy love for that true one
Who has linked his fate for life's short day
With that which is thine own.

I have bowed at that same altar,
And have vowed to ever love
One dearer than all other friends
Except the Friend above.

And may that Friend in Heaven
Send misery, want, and shame,
If I prove inconstant to my vow
Or e'er disgrace his name.

But why should ties be severed
That were formed in childhood's breast,
Though thy home is in an eastern land,
Mine in the prairied west.

Let the silver cord that bound us
In those happy days of yore
Grow stronger with the growing years,
And bind us evermore.

Yes, evermore remember me

As thy firm and faithful friend,

And while apart let our tongues be

The ever-faithful pen.

THE STREAM OF TIME.

WE are gliding down the stream of Time,
Like ships upon the sea ;
We're striving for that blissful clime
In the blest eternity.

We're sometimes tossed by adverse seas
Which drive us from the way
That leads to life and perfect peace
And everlasting day.

But if our captain is the Lord
We need not fear its power ;
He calms it at a single word
And quells its awful roar.

Then let us choose Him for our guide
Down the rough stream of Time,
That our frail barks may smoothly glide
To Heaven's celestial clime.

BEAUTY OF THE MORNING.

WHEN the shades of night are flying
From the dazzling orb of day,
And the lark its wing is hieing
Upward on its heavenly way,

Then I rise with joy and gladness
From my couch of sweet repose,
And I banish grief and sadness
With life's many cares and woes.

I look around with admiration
On the meadow, hill, and wood,
And see the beauties of creation
Made by Him so wise and good ;

And then I think how thankful ever

I should strive to live and be

To the great and bounteous Giver

Who has been so kind to me.

EVENING.

THE harvest moon is shining bright
O'er nature's sweet repose ;
No cloud obscures the mellow light
That gilds the summer rose.

But hushed and still all nature seems ;
Each passion sinks to rest
From daylight's toils and various schemes
That agitate the breast.

THE SOUL.

THE mountain tall must waste away,

The forest oak must bend ;

The flower is subject to decay

Who marks it for its friend.

The man of high ancestral birth,

The man of pride and lust,

Must yield his body to the earth :

Dust must return to dust.

But the soul, Immortal, in its prime

Shall never, never die,

But live throughout the boundless time

Of all eternity.

*DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND ON THE
DEATH OF HER CHILD.*

SHE hath passed away from all earthly sadness,

From sin and suffering, from pain and woe,
To that blissful region where joy and gladness
Like mighty rivers forever flow.

Her spirit has gone where the soul's elysian
Never crumbles with sickness or sad decay ;
From terrestrial woes to the joys of Heaven
Her tender spirit hath passed away.

She has passed away, and your hearts are lonely ;

You'll miss her voice in the quiet eve ;

The morn will come, but its coming only

Brings dreary memories to make you grieve.

The noonday sun, with its beauteous beaming

Will gild our earth with a radiance bright,

But your hearts are sad, and its splendor gleam-
ing

Cannot enter in with its cheerful light.

She has passed away, and the dews of autumn

To-night are falling around her bed ;

She has heard the voice of her Saviour calling,

She has joined with the blessed, the early
dead.

Grieve not for the loved so early taken

By the frosts of death to her final home ;

For years will pass like a fleeting phantom,

And you may join in the world to come.

She hath passed away with the mild September,
Like a tender flower beginning to bloom.
But breath not a sigh : lone mother, remember
Her spirit hath passed beyond the tomb
To that happy land, to that blessed Saviour
Who called his lamb to the other shore ;
And when you lament your absent daughter,
Remember the skies have one angel more.

TO THE FLOWERS.

LOVELY flowers of sunny summer,

Can it be that ye have gone

Like a transient, fleeting shadow,

From the hillside and the lawn?

Can it be that ye have vanished

Like a vision of the mind,

Like a passing gale of autumn,

Like a cloud before the wind?

In vain I seek you in the valleys,

In vain I search the leafless grove,

In vain I wander o'er the prairies;

I cannot find the flowers I love.

Ye missing treasures of the summer
That bloomed to beautify the earth,
Why have you left the breeze that loved you,
The dust that gave your soft germs birth ?

In vain I call you, gentle flowers ;
Ye fear old tyrant winter's reign ;
But when he leaves the lawn and hillside
Will you not lift your heads again ?

Adieu, fair flowers ! The hope that lingers
To cheer my heart since you have fled
Proclaims in loud and thrilling accents
That spring will resurrect the dead.

HOPE.

HOPE silently stole to the bed of disease,
And the sufferer's frown changed to calmness
and peace.

She went to the dwelling of sorrow and sadness,
And soon from that dwelling came sweet songs
of gladness.

She led the young tyro up the steep path of
fame,
And would not desert him in sickness or pain,
But stayed by his couch till life's last link was
riven,
And when he left earth she went with him to
Heaven.

THE CHURCHYARD.

PAUSE by yon churchyard, thoughtless
youth !

Pass not thus careless by.

Here is the place, says solemn truth,

Where all must shortly lie.

Pause and reflect, gray, sober age !

The tide of time ebbs fast ;

'Twill wash thee from life's busy stage,

And launch thee here at last.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

PALE evening star, with gentle spark,
O come and bid our labors fly ;
Guide home the wanderer through the dark
When evening closes daylight's eye.

Conduct my thoughts, sweet star, above
The many cares of human life,
Where angels light each face with love,
And ever banish mortal strife.

And while we're journeying to the tomb
In this thick wilderness of tears,
Amidst the world's perplexing gloom,
O light our darkened clouds and fears.

Guide us, sweet star, while here we stay,

In paths of righteousness and love ;

And when our spirits leave their clay,

Pale evening star, light them above.

THOUGHTS BY THE OCEAN.

THERE'S beauty in thy curling stream
That charms like fancy's morning dream ;
It lulls the senses, charms the ear,
And stills the nerve from torturing fear.

There's sadness in thy solemn tone
That echoes to the widow's moan
Of sorrow for the lost and brave
Who have found in thee a watery grave.

There's terror in thy threatening wave
That quells the heart, though stout and brave;
When tempests beat against thy breast
Thou art in awful terror dressed.

There's music in thy murmuring roar
When storms have left thy shelly shore ;
It comes from where thy sea nymphs dwell,
Like music from some coral shell.

I WATCH FOR THEE.

'TIS evening, and the shades of night
Are stealing o'er the lea ;
The fire upon the hearth glows bright :
I wait and watch for thee.

The sun's last ray shines dimly on
The distant forest tree,
The canary now has hushed his song :
I list and watch for thee.

I hear thy footsteps on the street,
My heart throbs joyfully ;
I watch no more but bound to meet
The smile thou hast for me.

I knew when daylight's task was done,
And thou from labor free,
That thou wouldst quickly hasten home
To her who watched for thee.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

A WAKE, my soul, to labor, for the day is
dawning ;

The silent wheels of time are rolling fast,
And soon will bring the shadows of the evening,
When the time to labor will be over past.

And shall the evening find my task neglected,
The deeds of love I might have done un-
wrought,

And naught but idleness to my mind reflected,
For deep investigation, bitter thought ?

Ah, no ; I would not live a life so aimless

That none would ever miss me when I'm
gone,

I would not leave this busy stage of action

With life's great purposes undone.

But I so faithfully would do my every duty,

Performing all the work to me assigned,

That all would say, when my life work was
finished,

She did the best she could to bless mankind.

And when I cross death's cold and chilling river,

O may I rest, when life's hard race is run,

At home in Heaven, where I can hear my
Saviour

Saying, my child, well done, well done.

TO MY INFANT SON.

AS I hold thy chubby hand in mine
And gaze upon thy face,
So innocent, so pure, where time
Hath left no furrowed trace,
I press thee fondly to my heart
And breathe the earnest prayer
That sin, with its vile, poisonous dart,
May leave no traces there.

Thou canst not know, my little one,—
Joy of my heart and life,—
My feelings when I think thou soon
Must join earth's scenes of strife
And battle with its many cares,
Its thousand foes to meet,
And be exposed to all the snares
That are laid for little feet.

When I see thy face beam with that smile
I scarce can think that thou
Can e'er be led in paths of guile,
Or be less pure than now.
And yet I know thou art not divine,
Thou art mortal, prone to stray,
And, like the rest of human kind,
To miss truth's narrow way.

But O may He whose mighty power

Contracts the raging seas

Lead thee, dear boy, forever more

In paths of right and peace.

O Saviour, guide those little feet

In the way thyself hath trod

Until they walk the golden street

In the Paradise of God.

*WE WHICH HAVE BELIEVED DO
ENTER INTO REST.*

WE talk of our rest in the sky,
Of the joys of that region so fair,
And oftentimes grow weary and sigh
For the rest that awaiteth us there.

We speak of the river of life,
That makes glad the whole city of God,
We rejoice that the world's busy strife
Never enters that quiet abode.

But how often, I fear, we o'erlook
The sweet Heaven we may have in our
breast,
For the Saviour has said in his book,
That they who believe do have rest.

That the strong iron shackles of sin

No longer shall fetter the soul,

That those unholy passions within

No longer the heart shall control.

For the Saviour has made it his home,

He bids its wild conflicts all cease ;

Its affections no longer shall roam,

But, centered on him, shall have peace.

I would not have us love Heaven less,

But I would that the whole world might
know

That God's kingdom may be in our breast,

And that Heaven may begin here below.

For I ever shall praise our dear Lord,

As long as life throbs in my breast,

That he ever has said in his word

That they who believe *do have rest.*

INVOCATION.

COME, muse, 'tis midnight's quiet hour ;
The mists of night are thick and deep,
And Morpheus, with her awful power,
Has wrapt a drowsy world in sleep.

O bring me visions bright and fair,—
Visions of peace, of joy, and rest,—
To drive away the anxious care
That agitates my throbbing breast.

Come, muse, and to this troubled heart
That sinks beneath its weight of woes
Bring thoughts that bid all gloom depart,
And hushes into sweet repose.

Dispel the clouds that overcast
My tired mind, and bring, oh ! bring
Some bright remembrance of the past
To lift my spirit's drooping wing.

Oh ! help me, in the time to come,
Bravely to meet earth's pain and strife,
To look midst scenes of deepest gloom
Upon the sunny side of life.

TO THE LOVED AT HOME.

FATHER, mother, sister, brother,

Far from you to-night I roam

In a distant land of strangers,

Far from childhood's early home.

Far from scenes beloved in childhood,

Far from kindred ties of love,

Far from sunny haunts of pleasure,

Where in youth I loved to rove.

Autumn winds to-night are blowing,

(From Pacific's shore they come),

Wafting breezes of affection

To the ones I loved at home.

O may heaven's gentlest breezes
 Waft you peace upon their wings,
And affection's bright dew moisten
 Flowery scenes where memory clings.

Flowery scenes which faithful memory
 Brings me from my native land,
And she helps me cull the treasures
 With her slender, magic hand.

Hasten, breezes! bear the message
 That my heart sends forth to-night
To the fondly cherished loved ones,
 When dull Morpheus takes her flight.

Tell them, though I oft have wandered
 In forbidden paths and wild,
God has ever dealt in mercy
 With their absent, erring child.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER MY PICTURE.

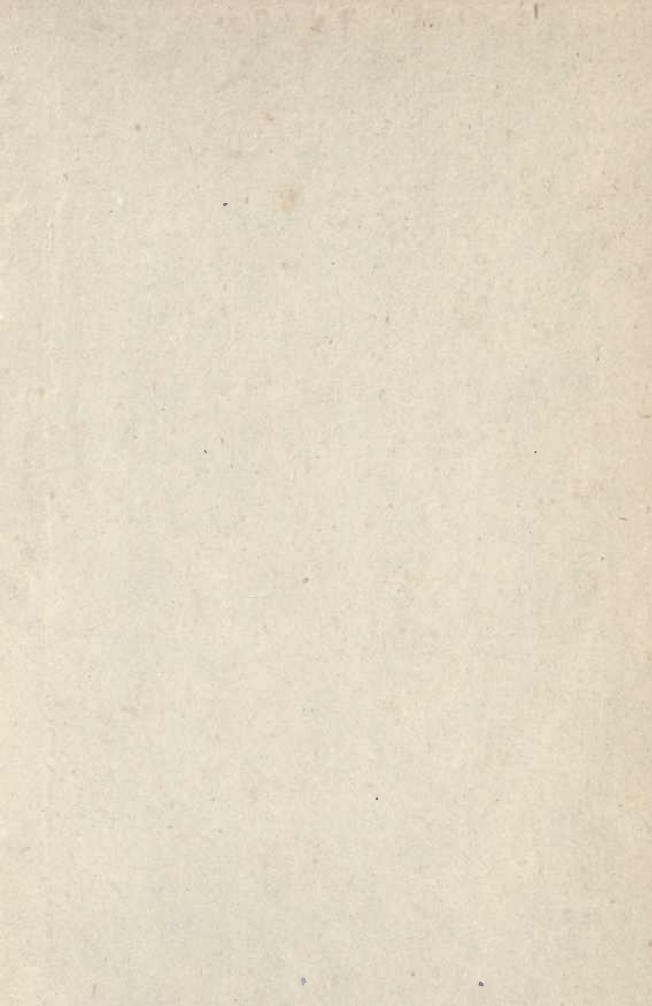
MY soul, let not earth's scenes entwine
Around thee with their transient joys ;
Its glittering treasures all combine
To draw thee from thy native skies.

But O, my soul, forever pray
That all the powers God has given
May be engrossed each passing day
In laying treasures up in Heaven.

THE END.







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